

# SICK RIPPY!

\$3.00



COMIX

#9

Box 11, 9822

# sick puppy comix #9

po box 93 paddington nsw 2021 australia [www.fcorp.com.au/sickpuppy](http://www.fcorp.com.au/sickpuppy) [stratu@start.com.au](mailto:stratu@start.com.au)

"People keep explaining to me that I am really lonely, and this makes my ass bleed too. What they are talking about really is themselves and they figure my machinery has to be set the same way. There is nothing sweeter to me than closing the door on the world, having the walls again".

- Charles Bukowski from 'SCREAMS FROM THE BALCONY' - SELECTED LETTERS 1960-1970

**EDITORIAL PISSING**... Welcome to the late-as-hell SP#9. A number of factors conspired to stall this thing from coming out on time, which should have been last November, but going into the whole mess would probably sound too much like excuse-making so I'll just say that I hope you all find this issue to be worth the wait. ♫. By now you will have noticed that the cover price has jumped to a piggy bank-smashing \$3.00, and you're probably wondering just what it is you're getting for the extra 50 cents. Well, along with a bonus 4 pages (48 from last issue's 44), I've also decided to go with a better quality type of paper for the guts of the comic. It's not only 100% recycled and 'archive quality' (for whatever the hell that's worth), but I'm sure you will agree that it's an improvement on the standard office copy paper I've been using to date. All things considered, I hope you will agree that for three measly dollars, you're still getting mucho bang for yr buck. ♫. In other news... this issue features our first international guest (Bruno Nadalin), along with work from SP first-timers Aaron O'Donnell and Mick Vella. There's also a book reviews column (What?! No Pictures?!!) by notorious sick puppy letter column shit stirrer Phil Reakes. Plus there's the new 'Contributor Notes' below. ♫. Next issue I'm planning a special edition (before the landmark SP#10) of sick puppy which will feature strictly single page work. That means that everybody gets just one page to come up with the goods. It also means that we can cram more contributors in. (And what a bonus for those of you with 'modern' attention spans!) So this is a call. Get your one pagers in at Rancho Rabid by, say, the end of March. Send strips, full page illustrations, hell, if you've got an idea for a column that's fine too. Just make sure the work suits the dubious nature of this publication. ♫. One last thing, and that is a reminder about the sick puppy website (address at top of page). I'm updating it every few weeks with news, comix, reviews, links to other worthy sites plus whatever other bits and pieces I have at hand at the time. ♫. Well that's about it for now. Enjoy the new issue, flends...

--- stratu january 7, 1999 ---

## contributor notes...

**Gerard Ashworth** is not only the most prolific comix fiend around these parts, but also the most dedicated. I mean, the guy rents his own photocopier for chrissakes! He has also been in this mug's game since you were watching the A-Team. Write to... 7/70 Queensliff Road Queenscliff NSW 2096. **Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr** are the zombie-fied Bonnie & Clyde of comix in this country, so you're their morbid delight with which they render all manner of gruesome carnage. They've also had their work seized at customs, so you just *know* they're good people. Write to 'em at... PO Box 312 Greenacre NSW 2190. **Anton Emdin** renders his original comic art on sheets of paper the size of your front door. He contributes a weekly strip to Sydney's CITY HUB and publishes his own mini CRUISE WORLD when he isn't slaving away as a checkout chick. Write to him at... 35 Clarendon Road Stanmore NSW 2048. **Mannheim Jerkoff** is Sydney's undisputed King of Porn. It is a little known fact that he is also a keen collector of rare fish. If these facts together don't creep you out too much you can write to him c/- Rabid Publishing PO Box 93 Paddington NSW 2021. **Chris Mikul** publishes the excellent and always amazing BIZARRISM - beyond a shadow of a doubt the finest zine coming out of this country. Write to... PO Box K546 Haymarket NSW 1240. **Troy Mingramm** produces the spazziest comix I've ever seen, his spazzy band Kinky Galinky has a track on a four track comp CD and last I heard he was working on a splatter film. More info from... 48 Grandview Parade Caringbah NSW 2229. **Bruno Nadalin** (our first international contributor) lives in New Jersey, produces a hellride of a comic called CHURN and is probably completely sick to death of New Jersey jokes. Bruno's at... PO Box 142 Hoboken NJ 07030 USA. **Tung Nguyen** publishes unflinchingly brutal autobio comix through his DEX series of minis. Write to him c/- Rabid Publishing PO Box 93 Paddington NSW 2021. **Aaron O'Donnell** published an anthology called CLIMQUAT (which was where Q-Ray's 'Naked Kung Fu' originally appeared, but since I heard it was rare as worm teeth it is re-printed here for your benefit). Aaron also runs an internet mallorder service, INTERNATIONAL TRASH at [www.trash.net.au](http://www.trash.net.au) You can also write to him at... PO Box 41 Prahran VIC 3181. **Mandy Ord** not only publishes the excellent WILNOT, she also makes paintings like the one of Ronald McDonald, looking like death after a hard day's work as he hits the evil booze. Write... PO Box 194 ANU ACT 2601. **David Puckeridge** is the man I introduced baked beans to. Maybe one day I will tell you about his notorious 'pumpkin soup performance' at Rancho Rabid, but until then you could write and ask him when his next GRISTLE FERN is coming out... PO Box 68 Mt Druitt NSW 2770. **Q-Ray** (aka Clint Cure) has published such titles as WANG, SCAM and COMIX MESSIAH. He has also shot a doco on the small press comics scene in Victoria. I believe copies of this video are still available. Write to... PO Box 612 South Melbourne VIC 3205. **Paul Rowe** is involved with all manner of high weirdness, not least of which is The Church of the Sub Genius. He also creates freaked out noise/sample tapes. Find out more c/- Rabid Publishing PO Box 93 Paddington NSW 2021. **Phil Reakes** publishes the zine SHAFT'S BIG SCORE. Write to... PO Box 252 Hurstville BC NSW 1481 or e-mail [gszine@hotmail.com](mailto:gszine@hotmail.com). **Ross Tesoriero** is the undisputed 'Big Hairy Man' of the comix scene here, but more importantly he's great to drink with. He publishes his RADIATION SICKNESS featuring the delectable Ursula the Cannibal Girl. She's now got her own website! <http://members.tripod.com/~ursula> or write to Ross at 14a Lakeview Parade Warriewood NSW 2102. **Mick Vella** (no relation to Ryan) approached me one day in The Land Beyond Beyond about contributing to sick puppy and the rest, as they say, is history. Last I heard he was threatening to do his own comic... 22 Ettalong Rd Greystanes NSW 2145. **Ryan Vella** hails from the gigantic roadkill fruit infested state of Queensland where he manages to not only find time to produce his own comic and contribute to everybody else's, but also to wreak a godawful racket via his band Killrag. How does he do it? Mail your questions to... Headspin Comics PO Box 6 Playstowe QLD 4741 or e-mail: [may8@macqay.net.au](mailto:may8@macqay.net.au)

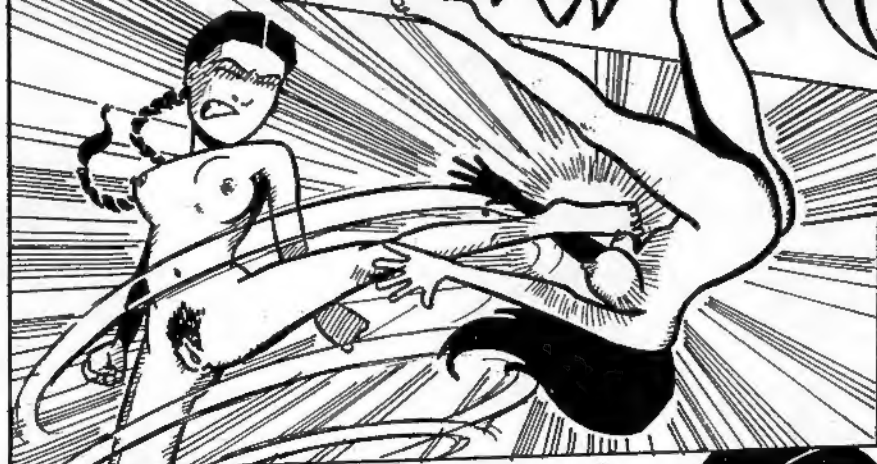
SICK PUPPY COMIX #9, January 1999. First printing - 250 copies. Published by Rabid Publishing. All contents copyright of their respective creators/authors. Concepts and opinions expressed within do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. Submissions welcome - send good quality photocopies only to SICK PUPPY COMIX c/- RABID PUBLISHING PO BOX 93 PADDINGTON NSW 2021 AUSTRALIA. [Technical specifications: Cover stock: OPTIX COTTON FIBRE CONTENT 'MIRA TAN' 110gsm. Internal stock: REBRIGHT OFFSET BOND 100% RECYCLED WHITE 80gsm.]

# POETRY



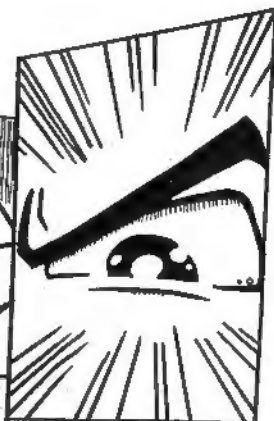
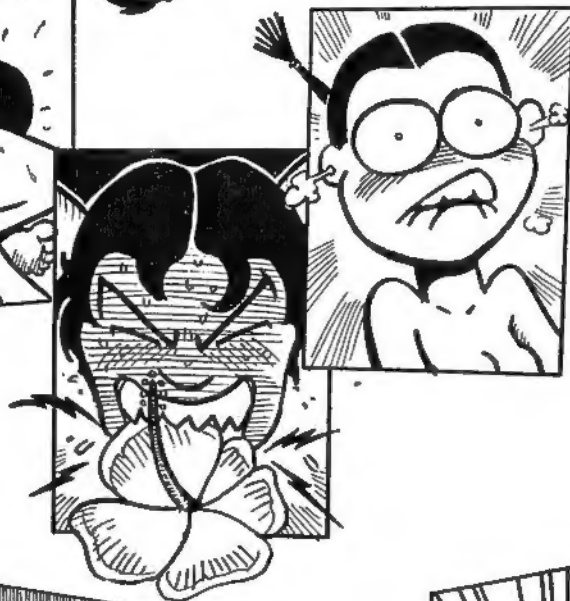
# NAKED KUNG FU

START 2



array 47





RETURN TO START!



# RITALIN RIK & HIS PAL Sick Nick in 'The Best Laid Plans...'



HE'S OFFERED ME A NEW BIKE IF I "PLAY A GAME" WITH HIM, WHICH IS PERFECT SINCE MY DAD'S TOO CHEAP TO REPLACE THE ONE THAT GOT STOLEN FROM ME!





© STRIPTEASE - November 11, 1998



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO  
SEE IS A TRUE STORY. IT  
IS NONE OTHER THAN THE..



# LEGEND OF THE BROWN MOSE

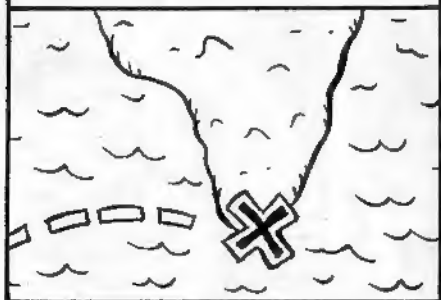
by Clinton Emdin '98

on this particular

tragic hair-  
cut

day, I was sixteen

EVERY FEW YEARS I GO  
TO SOUTH AFRICA TO  
VISIT MY DAD...



MOST OF THE TIME I WOULD HANG OUT WITH THE KIDS  
THAT LIVED ON MY DAD'S STREET





THE TWO I KNEW THE BEST WERE CHRIS AND ANDREW...



Chris

CHRIS WAS YOUR BASIC RICH KID WANNABE STUD. HE SURFED, LISTENED TO BAD ROCK MUSIC AND TRIED TO 'TUNE' CHICKS. OVERALL, HE WASN'T SUCH A BAD GUY, EXCEPT FOR HIS STRANGE 'MOONING' OBSESSION

ANDREW, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS A DUMB HICK WHOSE IDEA OF A GOOD TIME WAS STEALING HIS PARENTS' CAR, DRINKING COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF ALCOHOL AND RAPING GIRLS! (THE TRUTH, I ASSURE YOU)



Andrew



anyway..?



DO I DETECT  
REPPRESSED  
HOMOSEXUALITY?

ONE NIGHT CHRIS HAD A BARBEQUE AT HIS PLACE. ANDREW AND MYSELF WERE THERE, AS WELL AS A COUPLE OF GUYS I HADN'T MET BEFORE. ONE OF THEM WAS A HYPERACTIVE KID (HIS NAME ELUDES ME) WHO ALTERNATED BETWEEN JUMPING IN THE POOL, AND MOONING US - THOUGH OCCASIONALLY AT THE SAME TIME...

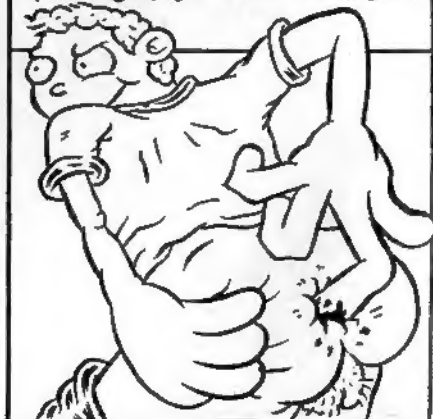


IT WAS AROUND EIGHT O'CLOCK THAT I SAW SOMETHING THAT WOULD CHANGE MY LIFE ...



THIS IS SO  
FUCKED UP!

...THIS KID STICKS HIS FINGER UP HIS ARSE...



...PULLS IT OUT...



I stood in stunned silence as the most grotesque prank unfolded before my eyes... It put wet willies and wedgies to shame

...AND WIPES IT ON CHRIS' TOP LIP, UNDER-NEATH HIS NOSE!

BROWN MOSE !!

HA HA  
HA



FUCKING MOORER\*



IT'S IRONIC BEAUTY BROUGHT A TEAR TO MY EYE (OR WAS IT BLOOD?)



\*AFRIKAANS FOR 'CUNT'



heeheeheehee



I CAME BACK A CHANGED MAN



MY FRIENDS LOVED MY  
NEW PARTY TRICK

BLOODY  
WANKER



AND THAT, MY  
FRIENDS, IS THE  
LEGEND OF THE  
BROWN MOSE.  
NOW IT'S UP TO  
**YOU** TO CARRY  
THE TORCH...  
DON'T LET THIS  
FINE TRADITION  
DIE... GO ON,  
**PULL YOUR  
FINGER OUT**



end

# THE MORA WITCH



by RYAN  
WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
Vella ©1998  
Ω: ✠ © LG ✠ → ⊕



THE STORY BEGINS IN EARLY 16th CENTURY EUROPE, IN THE SMALL VILLAGE OF MORA. A MISPLACED BRUJA WITCH HAD BEEN RAIDING LOCAL GRAVES IN SEARCH OF FRESHLY BURIED CORPSES.

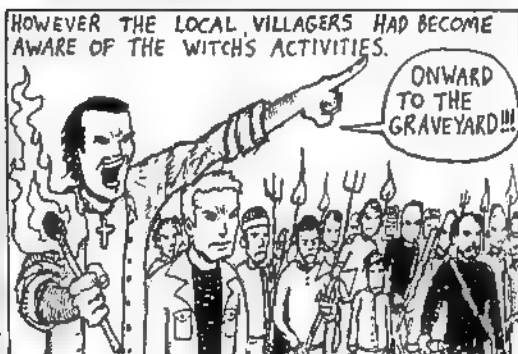


OO AH! THE SICKLY, RANCID SMELL OF RIGOR MORTIS!!



MMM... MORE PRETTIES FOR ME TO PLAY WITH!

CHILDRENS BONES HAVE THE SWEETEST MARROW FOR ME TO SUCK.



HOWEVER THE LOCAL VILLAGERS HAD BECOME AWARE OF THE WITCH'S ACTIVITIES.

ONWARD TO THE GRAVEYARD!!!



WHO DARES TO DISTURB MY FEEDING?!

Hissss!!!

THERE IT IS! FOUL DEMON, YOU SHALL ROT IN HELL FOR YOUR PUTRID CRIMES!



SEIZE THE BEAST AND PREPARE THE STAKE FOR HER ARRIVAL!

THE WITCH WAS NO MATCH FOR THE ANGRY MOB



AFTER CAPTURE AND PROLONGED TORTURE, THE WITCH WAS BOUND TO THE STAKE

CRACKLE! CRACKLE!  
REPENT EVIL WENCH!  
LIGHT THE STAKE!

VOMITING BILE AND BLOOD THE WITCH SCREAMED

YOU WILL ALL PAY!  
OH GREAT ASMODEUS HEAR ME NOW!

PUNISH THEM!  
CRUSH THIS MORTAL FILTH!

CRACKLE!  
MAKE THEM ALL DEAD!!!

WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE DEMONS OF THE UNDERWORLD HEEDED THE DYING WITCH'S CALL

CRACKLE! CRACKLE!

ROARR!

ROARR!

OH HAI! WE'VE DONE THIS!

Aieee!

Look how off

Um!

Oh sorry lady!

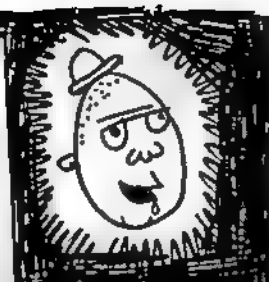
Aieee!



Nobody knows  
his real name,  
He's just one of  
those neighborhood  
freaks, everyone  
just calls him...

# DUMB BASTARD

By Mick Vella 98



Run doggy!  
run, go!

yipe!

BEEP! BEEP!  
SCREEECH!

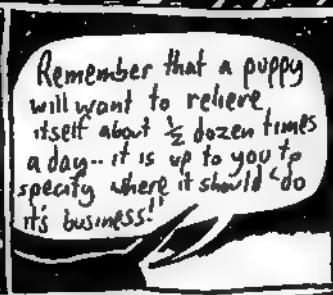
BANG!

Dont worry doggy!  
I'll save you!

SCREEECH!  
BANG!

END

# LITTLE DICK EYES <sup>in</sup> PLOP DOG





# the Sick puppy

## hi-fi

music reviews by stratu

### BAL SAGOTH 'Battle Magic' (Cacophonous).

After a misleading Enya-style instrumental, these British barbarians launch into the adrenalinised frenzy of battle, swinging their deathbringing instruments at the softer heads of their enemies. High velocity, bonesplintering passages are tempered with slower, melodic parts uplifted by majestic keyboards. Vocals are alternatively growled then intoned; one a berserk, bloodsoaked warrior victorious over a fallen foe, the other a wizened sorcerer invoking thousand year old spells in the damp bowels of a castle. This album will transport you back to a time of legend, dark magic and the chainmail underwear soiling terror of close hand to hand combat.

### CHAPTER VII: ALL MEN ARE LIARS - a Fat Possum Records sampler.

A record label with the simple, honest motto "We're trying our best" just has to be something special. Fat Possum Records search out the rawest, purest blues artists then jam a mic in front of 'em. Some of these men live in tiny shacks deep in the hill country of the American South, among miles of dust and gallons of moonshine. At least one of them plays a guitar that looks like it was pulled out of a dumpster. I was pretty luke warm as far as blues music until I heard this stuff. Something so damned real pours out the speakers that you just shake yr head in awestruck disbelief, because maybe you've been listening to the radio all afternoon. And we both know that you almost NEVER hear anything real on the radio.

### THE LUNG FARTS 'FA' (\$15 postpaid plus age statement c/- Sick Puppy Comix PO Box 93 Paddington NSW 2021)

Something different here, no doubt about it. Experimental sounds over which you will find a variety of vocal tracks; from Edith Massey and Plan 9 From Outer Space samples to incredibly stimulating x-rated girl monologues. There's even a very funny prank phone call - "Fuckin' Rock

Records'. The 'artists' have names like Mortuary Attendant, The Sex Musicians and Tiny Lunatics & Androids. I've never heard anything like it.

### PETER THOMAS SOUND ORCHESTRA 'Futuremuzik' (Scamp)

One of THE sonic finds of the year for me is this awesome collection from this German soundtrack composer. I 'discovered' him while watching a late night TV screening of Chariots of the Gods (Erich Von Daniken's pyramids and aliens conspiracy from the '70s). The visuals were far out enough, but what seized my attention was the wild, psychedelic soundtrack. I was enthralled - my research led me to this album. The superbly presented booklet nails it... "Women scream and moan; gunshots are fired; spacecraft erupt from whirlpools at the bottom of the sea; expressionistic slabs of Teutonic brass and percussion jut into the ether. The air is charged with tension and wonder as sounds heretofore unknown are coaxed, seduced and tortured from instruments both familiar and arcane..." Most of this collection is taken from German TV series and films from the '60s and '70s, like Space Patrol (the German Star Trek) and the films of Edgar Wallace (who made movies full of foggy castles, screaming girls, dead bodies falling out of closets and mysterious masked murderers). Amazing and absolutely essential.



### TREES LOUNGE music from the motion picture (MCA Soundtracks)

I only recently caught this great, great film on video. Written, directed by and starring the exceptional Steve Buscemi, it follows a poor guy who has lost his girlfriend and his job and has begun to hit the booze heavily. As

you might expect, the soundtrack perfectly suits the themes of the film - heartbreak ("I Understand Just How You Feel" by The Ink Spots); hitting the bottle ("That Woman's Got Me Drinking" by The Pogues) and the gutwrenching sickness that comes with the awareness of just how far you are slipping ("Mudslide" by Craig Ross). A masterfully assembled soundtrack (not ONE dud!), not to mention the perfect soundtrack for your next session of feeling sorry for your miserable arse.



### GERT WILDEN & ORCHESTRA 'Schulmadchen Report' (Crippled Dick Hot Wax)

Subtitled "Schoolgirl Report & Other Music from Sexy German Films (1968-1972)", this collection is loaded with snappy, groovy, steamy instrumental tracks taken from classic German softcore 'educational' porn films with such titles as "What Drives Parents to Despair", "What Parents Find Unthinkable" and "What Keeps Parents Awake at Night". Superfuzzed guitar, crazy Hammond organ licks and ridiculously tight, snappy drumming meld into the wildest, nude-est album you've heard in a long while, hepcats. (Comes with a gorgeous 24 page booklet filled with liner notes and young flesh).



# MANNHEIM JERKOFF'S PORN SHAMEFILE



SERG BRUNDO D. MADALINI

In my exhaustive search for wank fodder I've encountered some appalling attempts at eroticism. Films so singularly bereft of appeal that I'm left with flaccid cock in hand, chanting a mantra of bewilderment... "What were they thinking?", over and over. Here, then, are 10 of the **WORST** type of pornos...

**1. VIDEO AMATEURS.** Some of the blame must go to the Americans. With the advent of the "Shot on Video" option to filmmaking, every budding wannabe porno film hack got out there and shot emaciated crack whores plying their trade to every Buck and Biff (wannabe) studmeister.

Music is often incidental i.e. someone left a crappy AM radio on in the next room or a choice of that Godawful funkless '80s synthesiser rock, or a blaring, discordant saxophone - soulless drivel that is supposed to pass as sexy jazz.

Camera angles are either fixed with regular breaks to recentre the "action" that drifts out of view after a few half-hearted thrusts, or hand held by a recovering alcoholic that leaves you dizzy with motion sickness.

Art is no longer the domain of talented weirdoes. Nowadays everyone's a fuckin' artist, but not everyone's a good artist. As with art, so too with porn. The proliferation of cheapjack porn from dabblers with video cameras floods the market with unwatchable trash that hogs valuable shelf space in your friendly local sex shop.

**2. HAG BONDAGE.** Ever thought... "Gee, I'd really love to see a wretched, blubbery old hausfrau in lingerie get tied up!"? I thought not, so why are there shitloads of lame arsed "love bondage" tapes featuring such beastly women? At least the Americans use attractive women, although the action is predictably lame, but the *Germans!* You never know if the gristly behemoth will get brutalised (which is entertaining) or merely tied up and subjected to a few limp wristed taps to her panty-clad bargearse. Lame action. Fugly women. That's adding insult to injury.

**3. AUSSIE PORN.** Call me unpatriotic (and I doubt the rest of the world would suffer the indignity of watching porn made in Australia), but it's *terrible!* Shot on video with fairly plain strippers who root some token US porn star. Stylistically void and unadventurous. I'm saddened to say that seeing the words "Aussie Porn" on the video cover is the kiss of death to purchasing appeal. Even in the '70s when porn could do no wrong, Aussie efforts (like "Leonora") sucked farts. The latest offering, the much hyped "Buffy" series only reinforces the contention that Aussie porn is drek.

**4. RINSE DREAM.** Now I know this guy can make some of the best porn. "Nightdreams" is a work of genius. So how come his recent stuff - "Café Flesh" and "Party Doll Au Go Go" are so flat and boring? Unique in style and replete with high weirdness, but they just don't pull it (or me) off. DULL. DULL. DULL.

**5. FEMME.** Candide Royale used to guzzle jizz with the best of them until the ravages of time and gravity took their toll on her once bodacious body. Bitter and twisted and feeling rejected, she's wreaking revenge on the porn industry by producing "couples films". Technically they qualify as porn but the absence of cumshots, pumped-up titties and women under 36 make them unworthy of the word. Let's get something straight. "Couples films" and "sensitive" are simply euphemisms for "boring shit". When I heard Rick Savage utter the lines... "Do you mind if I wear a condom?", a single tear crept from the corner of my eye, expelled by a long, slow blink, a gentle snuffle, and my bottom lip quivered as I gushed... "Fuck her in the arse, Rick!"

This is politically correct porn for losers trying to wean a prudish feminist girlfriend onto fuck flicks. Call me Patriarchal, but porn is mostly a male pursuit and we like it *HARD*. Still, some sex shops fruitlessly try to capture the (supposed) "couples" market by having a "couples" section featuring ridiculously inoffensive "sensitive" books and videos - you know, the "erotic massage" or "femme" videos. This is usually in a tiny corner where the carpet is as new and the sunbleached packaging is coated in thick dust.

Meanwhile, the scuffed floorboards pry from beneath well-worn tracks in the carpet throughout the rest of the store as "Gang Bang Sluts" and "Anal Destroyer Vol 73" videos and magazines sell out by lunchtime.

**6. PORN SWAPPING PUSSIES.** Rikki (a girl I know) swaps porn videos through various contact magazines. One night she calls me up... "Mannheim! I've found the *WORST* porn possible!". We'd sat through some stinkers in the past but this was the acme of bad porn...

A fat, balding 40-ish ethnic guy with fishbelly white skin matted with an extensive rug of back hair is tied up, rolling around on his bed helplessly and making doe eyes into his video camera. The letter enclosed added to the bathos - he's a public servant, lives with his mum and wanted to trade this wild sexcapade for 4 hours of quality extreme action. He was the biggest loser I've ever encountered (a title previously held by the fat guy with a one inch dick getting tied up by an Imelda Marcos look-alike in that "Adult Movie Bloopers" tape).

**7. CHOC GOLD MEDAL.** No "Worst of..." list would be complete without the mention of "Choc Gold Medal"...

Toothless whores shitting on plastic drop sheets in hotel rooms; decrepit alcoholics supine with mouths agape as scabby street sluts try (unsuccessfully) to squeeze a few drops of stale piss from their fetid cunts; rickety, bruised human wreckage trying to fellate disinterested stray dogs; a malformed midget trying to jam his tiny soft-on between the turtle flipper labia of a pock-marked, diseased toe rag. Isn't love beautiful?

**8. YOU CAN'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER.** Nor can you judge a porn video by its title.

There's countless videos that brandish the word "teenager" in their title, only to disappoint you with fist chasted, slobby 30 year olds in pigstails...

"Weekend in Fist Fuck Land" - I expect a fist up to the wrist, encased in a cunt. A few fingers barely up to the knuckles DOES NOT constitute a fist fuck.

"Tortured Sluts" - a few light taps with a cane DOES NOT qualify as torture. I don't expect blood (though that would be nice), but at least be a bit brutal.

And how many times have you seen some crazed bitch wielding a gigantic dildo on the cover only to find that she doesn't even try to cram it in and risk a rupture?

Rubber prick teasers!

**9. LASSE BRAUN.** A while ago I was given a '70s catalogue of Super 8 pornos. Ultra extreme stuff, and the most impressive seemed to be Lasse Braun films. Films like "Hooked" which featured a screaming, spreadeagled woman held down while a guy digs his prosthetic hook into her tortured open cunt; and "Alice's Baby", where a naked, spreadeagled mother screams in restraint, reaching out to her naked, howling baby, held just out of reach by a leering pervert.

For me, these films represent the Holy Grail of porn. Recently I found a copy of "Sensations". It featured a cavalcade of fetishes,

including a guy with a prosthetic claw. Despite such rich promise the film is a borefest.



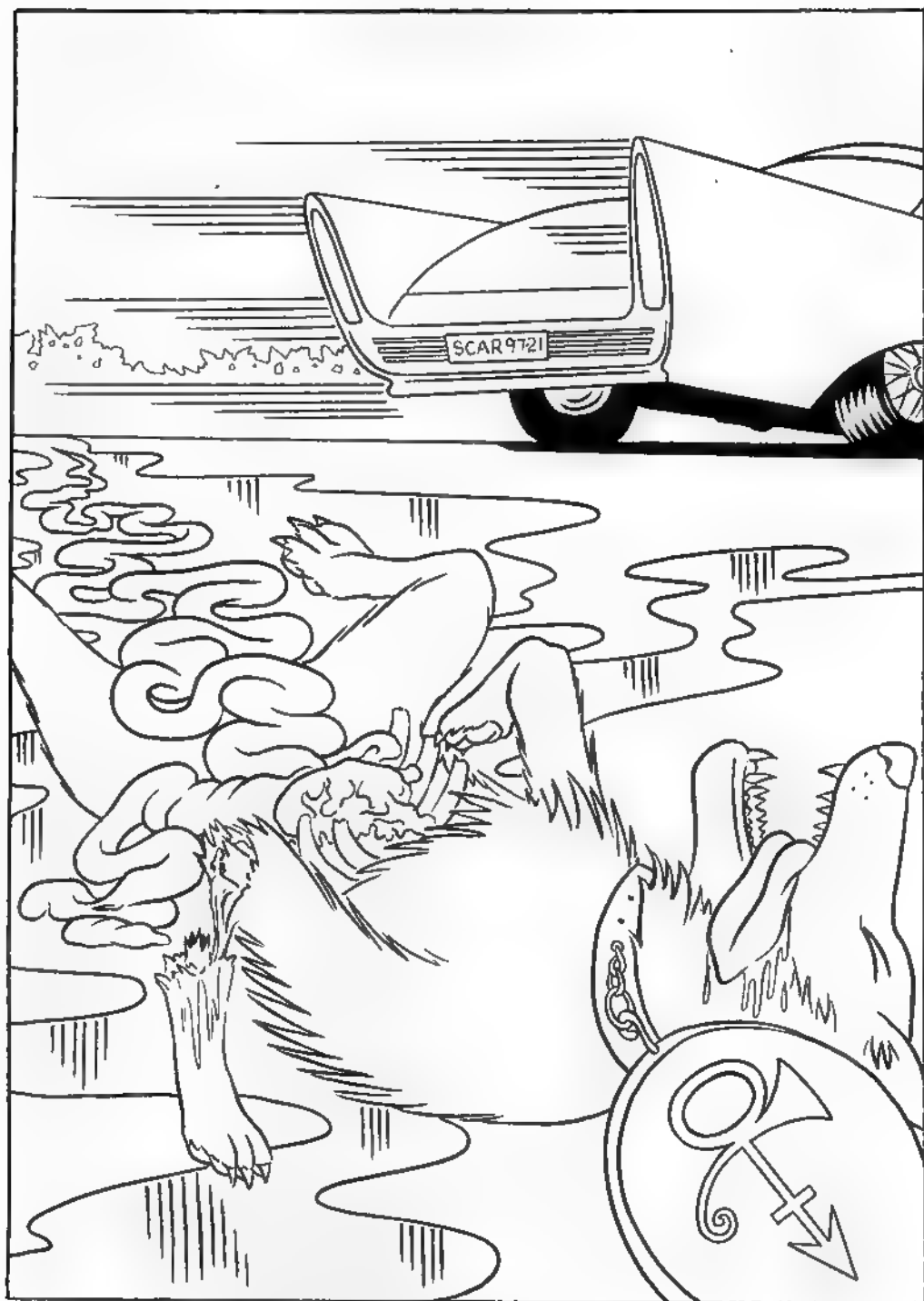
**10. SPECIAL VIDEO PRODUCTS** One of the most respected names in extreme SM has incurred my wrath. They've delighted SM fans with scenes of excruciating brutality in over 30 titles and impressed the shit out of me by the regular parade of bodacious women who'll cop a hiding and risk permanent damage to appear in an SV video... Enormous weights tearing at tits and labia, hot wax doused into gaping cunts and arseholes, threshold pain levels inflicted upon bound beauties; a multitude of needles stabbed through nipples, breasts and labia.

YES! YES! YES!

When I spied #25, featuring a fat, grotesque monster (she's not human), I thought... "Great! They'll amputate her breasts or impale her on a fence post! She'll cop a hiding because there'd be NO LIMIT for this thing!"

Alas, she is tied up to a work bench, caressed by a guy, then a girl squats over her but fails to defecate after much sphincter pouting... AND THAT'S IT! NO blood. NO violence. NO brutality This wallowing blubber mound escapes unscathed. SV, SV - Why hath thou forsaken me?





THE DOG FORMERLY KNOWN AS 'PRINCE'

# VIOLENCE AGAINST MUSIC

reviews by STEVE CARTER

## PHILUS: TETRA

This is a side project of Mika Vainio of **Panasonic** (aka. **Pan Sonic**). The material on **Tetra** is similar to that of **Panasonic** but even more abstract and well into the avant garde. There is definable structure, mood and texture, along with interlocking patterns of noise and rhythm. There are parts of this music that you don't so much hear as feel. The sonic dynamics are very impressive to say the least; subsonics that literally rattle the windows and make the walls rumble and high frequencies that drill your ears, pierce your nerves and throw your brain out of phase. Yet it also has a seductive quality that entices you to keep listening.

The dimension of pure sound alone on this CD is such that a less than average stereo system simply won't be able to cope. But this is more than just the pyrotechnics of noise manipulation, it's all about mood and content. This music will transport you to another state of mind and another place.

Along with **Autechre**, **Farmersmanual**, **General Magic**, etc., Mika Vainio and **Panasonic** are at the forefront of new music. **Tetra** is minimal, conceptually excellent, undeniably subtle yet also demanding and possesses the sort of attention to detail evident only in the work of the most sincere composers and experimenters. This is modern music for the ears and mind – a truly different listening experience – and it leaves the mind-numbing mediocrity of mainstream electronic dance music way behind.

## PANASONIC: VAKIO

This one consists of fifteen pieces of various lengths and goes for 67 minutes. The production is as clean and pure as a doctor's surgery, and surgery is precisely what happens to sound on this CD. It is dissected, mutilated and rearranged. There is minimalist abstract techno, sound washes of not-so-ambient alien ambience, layered quirky pulse rhythms and counter-rhythms, all of it meticulously constructed from looped and juxtaposed snippets of frying static, various clicks, whirs, scratches and bytes of subsonic, ultrasonic noise and undefinable electronic warbling, blubbing, twittering, hiss, burns, groans and blurs. These components are further digitally refined and processed before being set in obtuse and obscure structures. The total effect is one of absolute and clinical precision. It is clean and futuristic and very electronic.

This is a new territory of sound and structure and it is completely in step with digital technology. **Vakio** is a work that is at once ambient, intricate and demanding. It possesses an aesthetic that plays equally upon the intellect and the ears. There is no question that we have now entered an era wherein the definition of music and why and how we listen to it is being challenged and redefined. With the emergence of acts like

**Panasonic** and their contemporaries, and in terms of concept and experimentation, the artform of music is beginning to leave the others behind. Not only has it been embraced by new technology, it is also far less restrained by stupid attitudes of convention, politics and censorship. Unlike art, film and literature, in music one can still be radical, unfashionable and confronting; something all artforms need to be if they are to evolve and survive.

## PRESENT: CERTITUDES

This is music that is not built on image, commercialism and mass marketing like the majority of rock and pop, but on ideas and

inspiration. Here, the music itself comes first. **Present** play music that is complex, intricate and executed with great dexterity, passion and integrity. This band is comprised partially of musicians from the '70s French avant progressive rock band **Univers Zero** and the music on **Certitudes** is certainly reminiscent of them. The sound is very European. It is a brooding and intense jazzrock that is structurally similar to that of bands like **Henry Cow**, **Magma**, **Zappa**, etc., and composers like **Edgard Varese**. The production is excellent.

The roots of this material may well lie in the more uncompromising fringes of progressive rock and avant rock of the early '70s and beyond yet it rings with a true '90s-relevant resonance. Anything this well conceived and executed never really dates and the less it adheres to the prevailing and obvious musical trends of the moment the more vital it is and the fresher its sounds.

## CTI: EUROPEAN RENDEZVOUS (LIVE). Reissue.

This is a classic of new wave electronics, complete with layered synthesizers, processed guitars, sequencers and drum machines. **CTI** (**Creative Technology Institute**) are **Chris and Cosey** from industrial music pioneers **Throbbing Gristle**. The music shifts from relentless electro-rhythm to sprawling dark and grim electronics, all of it laden with effects, including the haunting, near gothic, female vocals. The overall sound is typical of the clinical, reverberant, echoing and alienated early '80s post punk experimentation that was prevalent among many industrial bands – brooding and morbid, yet visionary and imaginative. Decidedly non mainstream friendly, then and now, **European Rendezvous** is easily one of the best of its kind and **CTI** were one of the most original bands of their type.

## CURVED AIR: LOVE CHILD

**Curved Air** look like hippies and sound pretty much like a band of their era, the early '70s. However, there is more to their music than that. When it worked, and that was much more often than not, it was exceptional.

**Curved Air**'s music was always very well arranged and played, usually with heavy elements of classical and jazz rock in both its tone and structure. Their vocalist, **Sonja Kristina**, added a unique touch with her haunted singing. Gothic wasn't a term applied to rock music back then but it certainly suits the mood of several **Curved Air** compositions. Added to the mix are some experimental eccentricities and the occasional dose of psychedelia. The melodies and songs themselves range from being breezy to melancholic and downright weird and disturbing. Their overall appeal is not particularly mainstream friendly, not even for the time – a bit too bleak for your average trippy hippie and a little too alien for airplay. Even **Curved Air**'s lighter tracks were tinged with an underlying melancholia and strangeness.

'**Love Child**' was recorded between the band's third and fourth LPs but wasn't released until the mid-late '80s. It's a good example of the best elements of their sound and in fact superior, for the most part, to anything they recorded after it. Equally impressive, of course, are the band's first three LPs.

'**Love Child**' is obviously a 1970s creation yet, paradoxically, it doesn't sound very dated at all. More so, it serves to illustrate just how much a lot of recent 'goth' material lacks in imagination and originality – too much cosmic New Aged bullshit, posing, and no individual vision. They've all been gobbled up by image and formula. Something that never happened to **Curved Air**, even at its worst.





"HOME  
INVASION"

STEVE  
1998

# Sick Puppy

COMIX

NUMBER NINE

\$3.00



ANTON '98

R

RELEASE THE HOUNDS

# sick puppy comix #9

po box 93 paddington nsw 2021 australia [www.fcorp.com.au/sickpuppy](http://www.fcorp.com.au/sickpuppy) stratu@start.com.au

"I don't regret anything. I made the choice not to compromise my drawings. I feel good about that. When I look back on my life I of course wish some things had been different. But I'm satisfied. Being lonely is a choice I took. It happens automatically when you've been fucked over by other people. I decided not to open my arms to anybody. It's a natural process. You learn that 99% of the population are idiots. If you think logically then the consequence is to choose isolation. I find that I make it better on my own than in a group. I'm a control freak. If I'm not having it as I want it, I'm out. As I say, 'It's my way or the highway!'"

[laughs]

- SVERRE H. KRISTENSEN - from an interview in March 1997 - 8 months before he died of leukemia



## 'RELEASE THE HOUNDS' SIDE

cover by Anton Emdin

2 - Here.

3 - DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC? by Bruno Nadalin

4-5 - THE CHRONICLES OF STOMACH HEAD by Chris Mikul

6-9 - THE PARADE'S GONE BY by Gerard Ashworth

10 - SUNNY STORIES FOR THE VERY YOUNG by Aaron O'Donnell

11 - FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr

12-13 - TANTRIC FOREPLAY 3 by Paul Rowe

14 - LITTLE JOSHUA by Bruno Nadalin

15 - PLACES WHERE WOT OI SPEWED by David Puckeridge

16-17 - TONER ORGY! small press reviews by Stratu

18 - WHAT?! NO PICTURES?!!! book reviews by Phil Reakes

19-21 - THE SCHIZOPHRENIC SAUSAGE by Troy Mingramm

22-23 - SICKBAG the sick puppy mailbag



centrefold -- 'HOME INVASION' by Steve Carter

## 'PUPPY STYLE' SIDE

cover by Tung Nguyen

2 - Here.

3 - POETRY by Ross Tesoriero

4-5 - NAKED KUNG FU by Q-Ray

6 - RITALIN RICK AND HIS PAL SICK NICK In... THE BEST LAID PLANS by Bruno Nadalin

7 - SHIT PETE In... BROWN LOVE by Stratu

8-12 - LEGEND OF THE BROWN MOSE by Anton Emdin

13-15 - THE MORA WITCH by Ryan Vella

16-17 - DUMB BASTARD by Mick Vella

18 - LITTLE DICKEYES In... PLOP DOG by Mandy Ord

19 - THE SICK PUPPY HI-FI music reviews by Stratu

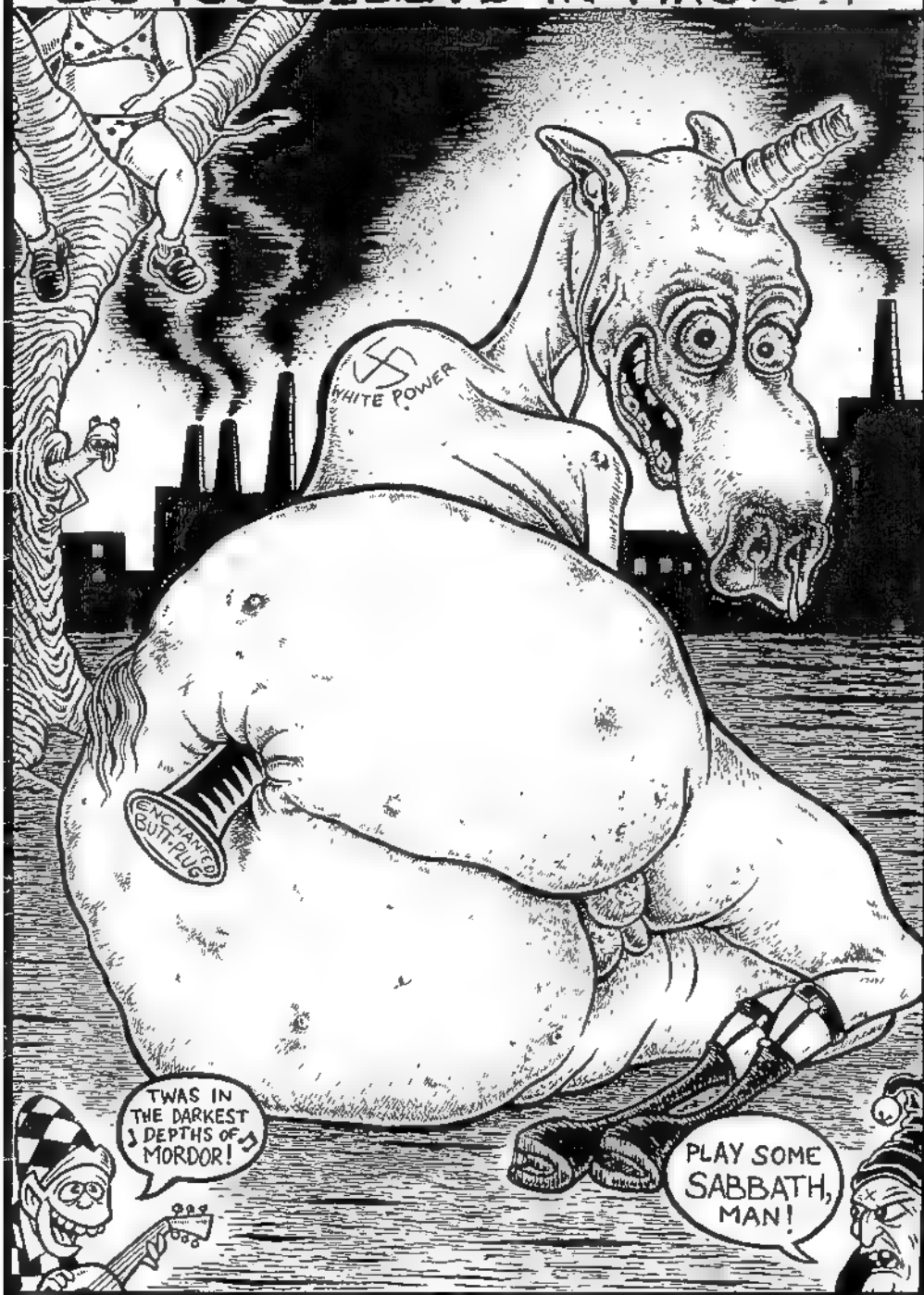
20-21 - MANNHEIM JERKOFF'S PORN SHAMEFILE

22 - THE DOG FORMERLY KNOWN AS 'PRINCE' by Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr



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DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?!



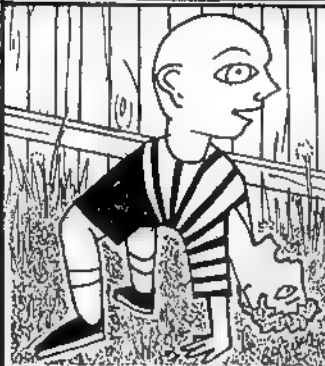
'THE LAST UNICORN' © 91 BY BRUNO 'WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?' NADALIN



Stomach Head was born, by caesarean section, in Sydney on November 12, 1947. A great surprise to all concerned.



He was the son of a federal Liberal politician and a prominent socialite, although this was kept a secret for many years.



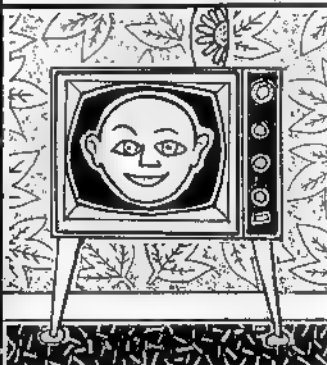
Sometimes Gavin rebelled against his extra head's authority, but Stomach Head had a way of keeping him in line.



When he was 8 years old, Stomach Head joined a travelling tent show. He was by now twice the size of any normal head.



Gordon had him open for Johnny O'Keefe at the Stadium and Stomach Head scored his first hit record with a cover of 'Girls Were Made to Love and Kiss'.

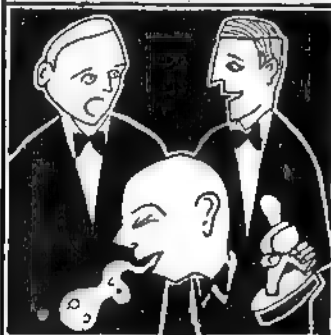


His size made him a natural for TV and he was soon hosting his own pop show, *Headquarters*, in direct competition with JO'K's *Six O'Clock Rock*.

He got his first big break when he was spotted doing a rock'n'roll act by legendary promoter Lee Gordon at the 1961 Royal Easter Show.

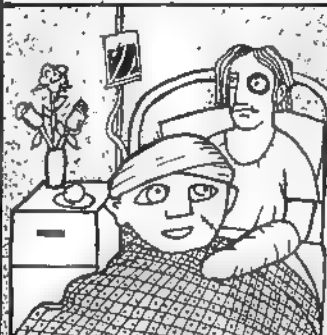


He had his first setback when, while receiving the Gold Logie for most popular male personality of 1964, an under-the-weather Stomach Head vomited on host Bert Newton.



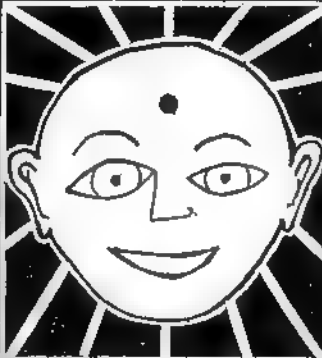
It would have finished anyone else's career but Australia forgave him.

In 1967, Stomach Head survived a near fatal truck crash. While recovering, Gavin became addicted to painkillers. His battles with drugs would make headlines for years.



Despite, or perhaps because of, the truth of his suggestion, Stomach Head's show was cancelled.

Despite such setbacks, from 1974 to 1979 Stomach Head's daytime chat show for Channel Nine was one of the most popular on Australian TV. Housewives loved him!

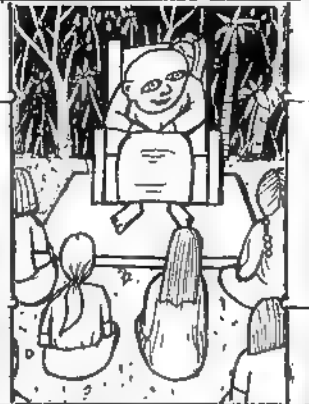
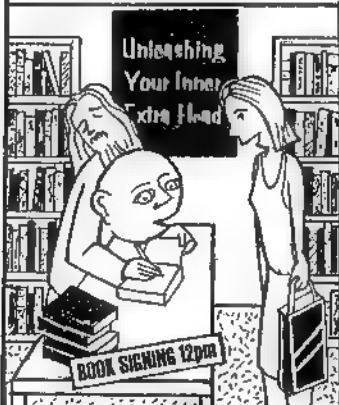


But he went too far when he painted a red dot on his forehead and suggested that viewers who touched it would have an orgasm.



Stomach Head is rarely seen in public these days, preferring to remain in the company of his inner circle. But he can rest assured that he continues to be Australia's favourite supernumerary head.

Stomach Head bounced back with a series of phenomenally successful self help books. Groups based on his system sprang up everywhere.



Hundreds of followers - mainly young women - went to live on the sprawling property he had bought in far north Queensland.



# THE PARADES GONE BY (STYLING / YS) (TEXT TYPED FROM K. BISHOP (LAW))

THERE'S THIS PARADE THAT GOES BY  
ONCE A YEAR. HOLIDAYING AS THE  
TELEVIEWED GRANTS GO BY, WE REACT  
WITH IMMACULATE DISINTEREST.



CAN YOU CONJURE  
UP THE HORROR  
OF THAT?

BETCHA YOU CAN  
PLAY GAMES  
WORKING YOU CAN

I'VE SEEN PICTURES,  
READ THE HISTORY,  
YET CAN'T FEEL IT

IMAGINATION  
LACKS THE  
EMOTIONAL  
IMPRESSION.

SO I HAD ACCESS  
TO LIVING  
HISTORY.

I NEVER ASKED,  
I NEVER LISTENED.



USED TO VISIT HIM WITH MY FOLKS OR MY MOTHER DOWN  
IN 'JUNNY' GOLBOURN VAGUE SPROG MEMORIES ARISE~(OLD  
TOWN, MUSTY OLD HOWE SMELLS, ANCIENT TRINKETS AND BRIL  
A BRIL, SEPIA PHOTOS OF YOUTH IN UNIFORM AND WEDDING GOWN

AND DO, AS WE CALLED HIM, WOULD  
TALK AS WE SAT BY THE FIRE PLACE  
IN THE KITCHEN AS THE WOOD I'D  
CHOPPED ROASTED TO CHAR, CRACKLING  
AWAY, FRESH BURNT WOOD SMELL HE  
TALKED OF THE PAST WITH MY MOTHER  
AS I STARED INTO THE FIRE, IMAGES  
OF COMPELLING INFERNO LANDSCAPES  
MESMERISED.



I CAN'T RECOLLECT A DAMN THING HE SAID-  
WHILE THE REFLECTIVE  
VISIONS IN FLAME ARE  
CRYSTAL SHARP-

FOLLOW ME NOW TO  
FUTURE FOLIES OF YOUTH-  
11/3 1993Z

GUESS WHO'S VISITING?

DESPITE ARGUMENTS OF  
THE OBVIOUS, HE WOULD NOT  
FAVOUR THE INTENTION-

HURRY HAAA- I DON'T WANT TO  
GO IN A BLOODY NURSING HOME  
-HUTTAAAA- I'LL BE FINE-  
BUT, DA

VISITING? BULLSHIT- IT WAS LIKE THE DEATH WATLA.  
HE HAD COLLAPSED IN HIS GOLD BOURN HOME ~  
COULDN'T MOVE. LUCKILY OUR AUNTIE NANNIE FOUND  
HIM THE NEXT DAY- SO- IT WAS THE RITUAL OF  
HOSPITAL AND THENCE ~THE GLUE FACTORY!  
I MEAN NURSING HOME, OF COURSE- AND IN  
THE INTERIM, HE STAYED WITH THE FOLKS AND I.  
HE DIDN'T RECALN THE THOUGHT OF A NURSING  
HOME- NO, SIR- NOT STUBBORN DA



I'D KEEP AWAY- HE- GRATED  
ON ME- THE FAMILY DOTTED  
ON HIM- ME? I WAS IN MY  
DOPE PERIOD- FOLK DID I CARE?  
I DON'T LIKE THE DUDE-



WHAT I CAN REMEMBER IS THU-  
HUSK- SHAMBLING AROUND THE  
HOUSE ON HIS CANE WITH HIS  
'BLUE VELVET' BREATHING DEVIL-



THE ROUNDS-  
PHUHHAAAA  
TICKA TICKA TICKA  
D-HIA  
HAAAA  
HAAAA  
HAAAA



I NEVER CONSIDERED  
HOW ALONE HE MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN IN THAT HOUSE, IN  
THE LORANGE ROOM, UNABLE  
TO MOVE- NEVER- WAAAA



STALE MUSTARD GAS SWEETS-  
CONJUNCT DEEP BREATHING  
RAJPS- HAAAA EMPHYSEMIC  
RAJPS- ANNOYING DRY  
RATTLE DRAINPIPE RAJPS



THEY ANNOYED  
ME AND- DIS-  
TUBED ME-



SUCH CLOSE  
PROXIMITY  
TO- to- to-  
WAAAA  
HAAAA  
HAAAA



I'M OUTTA  
HERE!  
WALKIES!  
BUT FIRST-



A SUNDAY MORN,  
WALKING RIPPED-  
I SLODELY  
STOPPED-



BACK FOR  
ANOTHER  
SMOKE-



GREAT TUNING- PING!



AM OUT OF THE ELEVATOR, AND  
MUM WAS BAWLING MANIACALLY  
AT OUR DOOR, LOCKED OUT -  
ALL IN A WHIRL SHE SEES ME  
AND SHE'S SPEED BLATHERING.

GERALD BEHIND HIS DEAD!  
DAD'S DEAD! HAVE TO CALL A DAY!



KLIK - I GOT IT - SUBER SLIGHTLY.

DAD OPENS THE DOOR, (CONJURES MUM -  
ALL SLOW-MO YET FAST, MUM'S TEARS RE-  
CEDE AS I JERK/CAM DOWN THE HALL TO  
THE GUEST ROOM THAT'S GIVEN UP ITS MOJT.



CELLULAR STRUCTURE WIND UP DEAD ALL  
FIVE MINUTES - DAD TELLS MUM HE'S GONE,  
NO HOPE OF RESURRECTION - TONGUE ALL BLUE  
- RASPED OUT - RUMDOL BELLUM ON BED.



PROVING DECEASED.  
PUPP THAT (ORDE  
UP - BIZNESS TO  
BE DONE - PRAY  
LATER - MEDICS'  
RELATIVES! AND  
COULD YOU HOLD  
HIM UNTIL WE  
GET BACK?



AS I WRITE THIS, A LINE FROM A MOVIE COMES  
SHOOTING AT ME - "POINTLESS ACT!"

DEAD GONE, EX-TINCT

CLOSE YOUR MOUTH  
AND DON'T POINT  
YOUR TONGUE AT ME

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED  
TO DO - ROCK-A-BYE-  
BABY - HIM TO THE  
AFTERLIFE?

GET AN AMBULANCE -  
GET A HEARSE, GET  
HIM TO THE CHURCH -  
ON TIME -



CHRISTIANES

LET 'ELVIS HAS LEFT THE  
BUILDING AND MAGGOT  
SLAD -

I WAS - ASKED - I  
NEVER LISTENED TO HIM -  
I'M STOKED OUT OF MY  
MIND, I'M HOLDING  
HIS CORPSE -  
THE LAST UNPROFESSIONAL  
PERSON EVER TO TOUCH  
HIS BODY WITHOUT  
THE RIGHT CERTIFICATES -

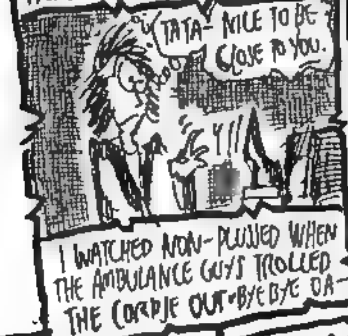
- THERE WERE SOME CON-  
FECTING SALLY EMOTIONS, NO  
FLIGHTS OF FANCY - I WASN'T  
REALLY THERE AT THE TIME -  
"GOSH, MASTER - IS HE OKAY?"  
"KID - I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY."

I'M A PIETA  
TABLEAU FOR  
TWENTY MINUTES  
UNTIL THE AMBU-  
LANCE GUY TURN  
UP -

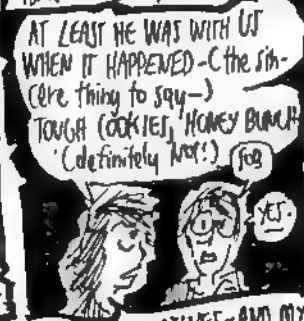
WHY  
ME -  
WHY  
THE  
FUCK  
ME?



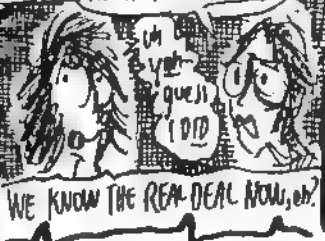
~ I DON'T FEEL A THING - AND IT'S NOT THE RESIDUAL DOPE EITHER. IF TEARS WERE TO COME THEY WERE A RELATIVE THING.



THEN IT'S TIME TO DRAG OUT THE FACILITIES OF COMFORT AND THE FORTUNE COOKIE APHORISMS OF SYMPATHY ~



SOOTHING NURTURIES, THE RIGHT THINGS TO SAY - AND FAMILY APOCRYPHA BEGINS - BECAUSE I CAME BACK JUST AT THE RIGHT TIME - (AS IF YOU KNEW -)



LIVE THE MYTH!

I AM (RUSWELL) WORTH - I KNOW ALL! I AM - ONE WHO KNOWS!



~ AS WORD SPREAD, SO DID LIL' GERARD'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE. BOLLOCKS - REALLY - YET FOR A LIE IT'S A GOOD MYTH.

PHONECALLS ARE MADE, I CAN HEAR TEAR DROPS GO MAGRA FALLS - AND SELECT BOOS AND SFS' ARRIVE - CONSEQUENCE TIME -



RELATIVES - AND MY ATTITUDE TO IT (AMONG OTHERS)



- HAS ALWAYS STRUCK THEM AS - PECULIAR. GETTING STRUCK WITH MY COMMENTS - 'IT'S JUST HIS WAY OF DEALING WITH IT.'

PROBABLY LESS SO THAN THEIR (DIT) SPORTS ANALOGIES - HE HAD A GOOD INNINGS - DIDN'T HE -



AND THEIR PERCEPTION OF ULTIMOR\* MOTIVES.

AND HE GAVE UP MAYBE BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT TO GO IN A HOME -



THAT AFTERNOON - BY MYSELF, I GET RIPPED AGAIN - AND LISTEN TO THE DEATH SKELTH FROM 'THE MEANING OF LIFE'

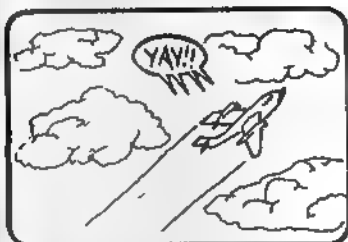


WE WENT TO THE FUNERAL. ALL I REMEMBER IS, PASSING A PLACE THAT WASN'T THERE AND ABOVE WHERE I SAW A CERTAIN 'HAUNTED' PAINTING - AND OF THE SERVICE ITSELF - A LITTLE GIRL DANCING AROUND THE GRAVE-STONE. HOW CONTRIVELY ART.

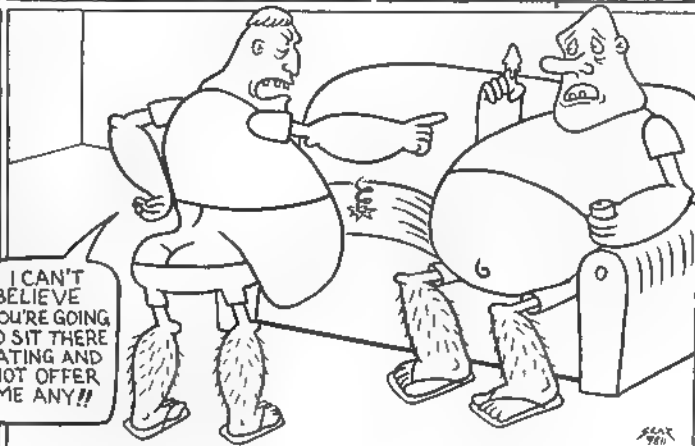
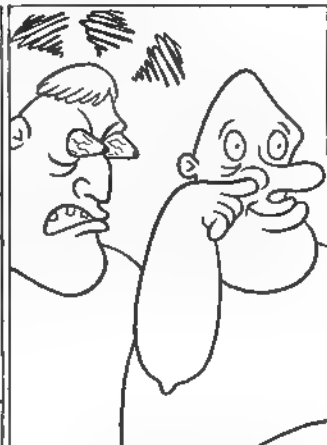
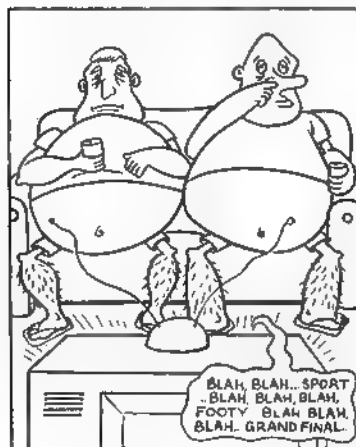


IT'S ONLY LATER I REALIZE WHAT I MISSED. THERE WAS A MAN, THERE WAS HISTORY. A CONNECTION TO HORIZONS WE KNOW NOTHING OF - AND CARE LESS. THE PARADES COME BY - EXPERIENCE (RECEDES. SELFISH LITTLE ARJHOLE. DOWNTOWN WEEBRAIN YUTZ!!)





# FARTSACK AND LARDGUTZ





# TANTRIC FOREPLAY

THIS BEING THE 3rd AND FINAL PART OF A  
TALE OF TWO SEXY BEINGS. **FOR THOSE**

**ARRIVING LATE, THE STORY SO FAR:** two tantric  
adepts have been outdoing one another w/ outrageous  
feats of body control, reaching crisis point when the  
voice piece of the massive hard on suggested a truce.  
**LET US PREP PRAY PLAY VOYEUR & SEE THEIR PROGRESSION**



Well that's not you are  
eh...and now that you're  
ready for our hip grind, and seeing

that I'm nice and juiced  
up we should get into  
it... But first howa-  
bout a little head?

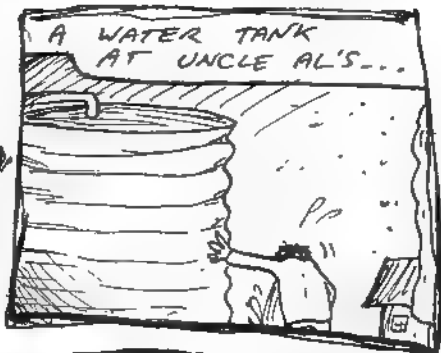
STILL GIVE  
YOU TRUCE  
MOTHERFUCKA!

WOW! WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT THESE  
TANTRIC TWITS WOULD TURN OUT TO  
BE A MEAT MUNCHING FEMINIST AND A  
GHOULISH HOODWINKEE \* note lack of blood  
from severed prick

AT LEAST SHE  
DIDN'T BITE THE  
POPE THAT SHE  
COULD HAVE  
LIVE IN PUGS

FINIS





P.S. SPEW ON A SLICK COMIC TODAY!!

# TONER ORGY!

small press reviews by stratu

*The old pile 'o' comix this time around is bigger than ever, so without the usual blah about what a hard road we're all on and how nobody seems to give two shits about comix in this stinking country, on with the show!*

(Note:  $\dagger$  = artist's work appears in this issue of SP)

**BLAND #1** by Neale Blanden (A5 28p \$2 from 20 Ross Street Huntingdale Vic 3166)

This comic was supposed to be published long ago (it was drawn during 1994-95) by one Sam 'Max Autohead' Young (quite a 'shady' character by all accounts), but he constantly made excuses about each subsequent delay until Neale eventually found out from a friend that it wasn't going to go ahead because Sam was afraid it wouldn't sell. So Neale finally moved on and published it himself. "Bland" comprises three stories... "The Death of Jackson Pollock" documents the splatterman's final days on Earth; "Full Abode" relates the tragicomic exploits of a freshly deceased man's attempt to enter the Gates of Heaven, while the last story, "Barbecue" appears to document a very strange dream where Neale awakens only to walk into an escalatingly surreal barbecue-in-progress in his backyard. The charming, hypnotic quality of this final story will stay with you long after you put it down. You can be assured that this is one *must have* item.

$\dagger$ **CHURN #3** by Bruno Nadalin (US A4 20p \$5 postpaid from PO Box 142 Hoboken NJ 07030 USA)

Major discovery time again, folks, with this here publication straight outta the notoriously noxious environs of New Jersey. Rated ADULTS ONLY, all manner of unspeakable acts and dark psychological idiosyncracies are unflinchingly displayed in stark black and white. The art throughout, ranging from the simple (yet still finely executed) to the obsessively detailed, is tightly bound to some of the wildest, darkest humour you will find since Ivan Brunetti's last personal vision of hell. Rush to post your order today!

$\dagger$ **COMIC MESSIAH #1 and 2** by Q-Ray (A4, A5; 32p, 28p; \$5 (for the two) from PO Box 612 South Melbourne Vic 3205)

I will admit here that this work dates back to 1995, but it was only recently that Q-Ray sent me these comix, and besides, the work is timeless. I read them through in one hyper-attentive, rapt sitting. The story (I think it's actually a parable) boils down to a wandering comic artist in Roman times. You will rightly conclude from the title that it's based on the Jesus Christ story, but it is ingeniously adapted to underground comix versus the creativity-annihilating forces of big business (Marvel Comics, superheroes - lowest common denominators...). This two-issue comic is one of the few comix I would go so far as to declare truly important. It really deserves to be collected and published in one volume, but until that happens, you are strongly encouraged to snap these up. *Hup!*

$\dagger$ **CRUEL WORLD #5** by Anton Emclin (A5 32p \$3.50 from 35 Clarendon Road Stanmore NSW 2048)

If this comic you are holding in your hands right now was a high school yearbook, you would see here a photograph of Anton below a title which read... "Most Likely to Succeed". Along with a regular 'gig' (a strip, that is) on the back page of Sydney's free alternative weekly CITY HUB, his **CRUEL WORLD** series just keeps on getting sicker (and I mean GOOD sick, not BAD sick...). The colour cover here is really something special, wrapped as it is around tales of Vernon D Zees (last seen in *SP#7*) and his ripple fixation (including a neat Kricfalusi-styled panel) along with a pseudo-biographical account of checkout chick Anton's lusting after cute girl shoppers. All this plus strips by Louise Graber and Ross Tesoriero. (Not to mention Anton's parting "Sweet Valley Thigh" Oh, baby!) Another snappy item, make no mistake!

$\dagger$ **DEX #13** by Tung (A5 12p \$1.50 from Rabid Publishing PO Box 93 Paddington NSW 2021)

Tung introduces a new character, Elmo (or it could be 'Elmoe', Tung 'enigmatically' spells it both ways), to take over the role of 'substitute Tung'. Elmo reveals his special interest in oral sex and fantasises about the day he himself might be a lucky recipient. Elsewhere Elmo talks about porn mags he has 'abused' himself to, one of his favourite starties, then ponders the mystery as to why there are so many ugly porn actors. This is 'gripping' reading all right. Recommended. (Note: \$5 or \$10 will get you a BULK deal!).

**LONG BLACK SHORTS - B.L.A.C.K #6** by Louise Graber (A5 78p \$5 from PO Box 84 Glebe NSW 2037)

Here, collected in one stunning volume, you will find every strip Louise has contributed to fellow small press publications, including *BLUE DYED BLUD*, *SICK PUPPY COMIX*, *SATANUS VOMITUS*, *XEROXMAS* and *CRUEL WORLD*, along with a number of previously unpublished pieces. I mentioned the word 'stunning'



CHURN  
words by Bruno Nadalin



COMIC  
MESSIAH



DEX #13

before, and that's no understatement, for her highly stylised Gothic renderings are showcased amongst various coloured papers, including gorgeous black endpapers and screen printed inserts, plus a ticket redeemable for "something small, black and kute" A truly exquisite production

(Note: also now available, a special A5 reprint of *B.L.A.C.K. #1* at \$5 postpaid)

**LOVE LIES BLEEDING** by Adam Dorahy (A5 8p FREE! (just send two 45c stamps to cover postage) from **Struggling Comics 103 Taylors Road Silverdale NSW 2752**)

This short, charming tale of a Starmaker completely surprised and enchanted me. The Starmaker in question (now we're talking 'celestial' stars here, not your cocaine-tooting Hollywood variety) suffered a terrible depression, turned to the bottle and it was during this crisis that the stars he made were not made from the proper mineral, the result was a bunch of sick stars. A journey the Starmaker embarks on in order to deliver a message from a young girl to her dead 6 year old friend is interrupted when he encounters a constellation of sick stars he had made back in his dark years... Here's something very special and unique. (And it's even suitable for all ages, which I'll admit is pretty rare to find in *SICK PUPPY*...)

**A MISSION FROM GOD** by Steve Carter, David De Vries and Antoinette Rydyr

**HOTLANDS VOGUERS** by Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyr (both A4 24p and 28 p \$5 each postpaid from PO Box 312 Greenacre NSW 2190)

More bloodsoaked, B-grade sci-fi horror from SCAR. First up, *A MISSION FROM GOD* was originally published in 1993 (by Northstar Comics USA) as a two part story, now collected here in a gory, explicit tale of missionaries, monsters and mayhem. Meanwhile, *HOTLANDS VOGUERS* takes you on a futuristic safari where the wildlife are sexy, naked and just hankering to tear your throat out and eat you alive. Fans of SCAR's unique brand of uncompromising horror and gore will no doubt wanna snatch both of these up quick smart!

**MODERN MURDER #31** by Gerard Ashworth (A5 32p \$2.50 from 7/70 Queenscliff Road Queenscliff NSW 2096)

MM#31 documents a recent 'phenomenon' Gerard experienced, a period where flashbacks of scenarios and fragments from his past came slamming back as vivid, powerful and real as the day they occurred. Also thrown into this autobiographical catharsis is the occasional nightmarish hallucination (like the tree full of dead babies, for instance). Gerard's headspace is once again proven to be some kind of massive, claustrophobic zone in which a continuous parade of manic recollections and revelations surge forth at a ridiculous frequency, into the real world. I'm quite certain that he if he didn't get this stuff out, onto paper and into the world he would surely die. His comix are real demanding sonsabitches, but your persistence will be rewarded. And then some.

**MONDO RETARDO** by Ross Tesoriero (A5 36p \$2.50 from 14a Lakeview Parade Warriewood NSW 2102)

So what do you do when you hit that inevitable creative desert? Why, you publish a collection of work that you've contributed to other folks' publications, of course! And here's Ross', featuring strips that originally appeared in *SURE ZINE*, *GROOVY GRAVY*, *EDDIE*, *BARCODE THE WORLD*, *SICK PUPPY COMIX*, *THARUNKA*, *XEROXMAS* and *CRUEL WORLD*. The cavalcade of bizarre yet lovable characters that act out noteworthy scenes from their strange, remarkable lives are sure to bring a smile to the face of even the grimmest amongst you.

**PANTRY** by Mandy Ord (A5 64p \$3.50 from PO Box 194 ANU ACT 2601)

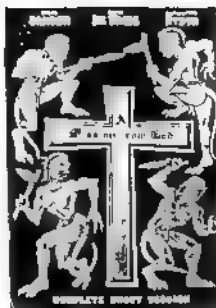
Mandy here displays an abundance of style and taste with this anthology of comix focussing on gastronomical delights. Over 30 reported food-eating comix artists are along for the ride, standouts for me being (in no particular order of belching ability...) Ross Tesoriero, Ryan Vella, Shags, Louise Graber, Gerard Ashworth, Anton Emdin, Gregory Mackay, Ben Hutchings, Q-Ray, Steve Carter & Antoinette Rydyr, Troy Mingramm plus of course Mandy herself with the sad, touching account of the death of Kransky, her pet rat (who loved Cheezels). There's also a new *SHIT PETE* strip from yours truly, but don't let that put you off. This highly desirable item even comes with a different pictorial gourmet delight glued to each cover - a nice personal touch. You like food? You like comix? You'll LOVE this! GET IT.

**SCRAPED THROUGH DARKNESS 1986-1998** by Tim Danko (A5 24p \$2 from Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington Vic 3031)

Here is a selection of work Tim has produced over the past 12 years, including samples of his incredible comix collage work. With surgical precision he plunders from comix' rich past to create something striking and original. Really eye catching - you have never seen anything like it. One of my favourites here is a label Tim designed for a kid's clothing line. *"TAKE A TRIP...TO A DIFFERENT PLACE. EXPLORE. PARTICIPATE. ENJOY!! AND...DO IT AGAIN!"* The cover also is very special, printed as it is on soothing blue paper, with browns, blacks and whites, using a technique I can't figure out. You oughta pick this one up, friends.

**TERMINAL** by Gregory Mackay (A5 64p \$3.00? from Dead Xerox Press PO Box 348 Flemington Vic 3031)

Meeting Greg for the first time recently, I jokingly asked him if all that stuff about a debilitating terminal illness was just some sick marketing ploy. (It's not, by the way). The bulk of this autobiographical comic follows Greg as he deals with his cruel illness, along with less life threatening moments of life. As your eyes move from panel to panel, you soon realise Greg has captured the true speed of life with his alluring, minimal style. Highly recommended.



# WHAT?! NO PICTURES??!! *book reviews by Phil Reakes*

## 'American Psycho' - Bret Easton Ellis (Picador) 1991

Concerned mainly with the hollow plastic life that breeds homicidal insanity rather than the condition itself, *American Psycho* nonetheless describes the latter with such convincing realism that the book is banned in much of the USA. The psycho in question, one Patrick Bateman, is a rich, handsome Wall St yuppie who is left unfulfilled by mindless co-workers and useless consumer goods and turns to serial murder to try and assert some control over his otherwise unremarkable life. The chapters (with wonderful headings such as *Dinner With Secretary*, *Confronted by Faggot*, and *Taking an Uzi to the Gym*) alternate between murder, yuppie dinner parties, compulsive shopping, torture, and obsessive potted histories of bad eighties pop stars - a perfect balance of sickness, social commentary, and black humour. Due to a short-sighted R rating this fine novel may be difficult to find in your local bookshop, but if they do have a copy, it should be pretty easy to spot in its morality-preserving polybag. Failing that, it's well worth the effort of ordering it in.

"In my locker in the locker room at Xclusive lie three vaginas I recently sliced out of various women I've stacked in the past week."



## 'Complicity' - Iain Banks (Abacus) 1994

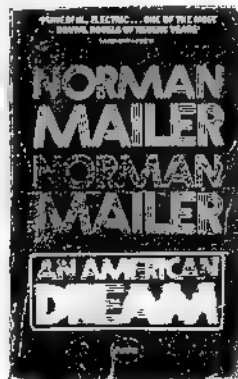
Set in modern day Scotland, *Complicity* takes its name from a disturbing plot idea reminiscent of Alfred Hitchcock's finest. The story follows newspaper journalist Cameron Colley, who is unwittingly framed for a series of murders by his anonymous news source. As he travels around to various public phones to receive his scoops, the killer is orchestrating Cameron's movements to provide an alibi. In order to make the connection even more obvious to the local constabulary, only people mentioned in Cameron's newspaper column are murdered. Fiendish, no? What makes this book especially disturbing is its use of second person for the graphic killing scenes - giving the impression that you, the reader, are the one bumping people off. Apparently a feature film script for *Complicity* is complete and hopefully due to be shot in the new millennium.

Sample text: "You suck on the helium again, then hold the dumpy medicine bottle up and show him the thick looking off-white liquid inside. 'Can you guess what this is?' you ask him in the voice of a manic baby."

## 'An American Dream' - Norman Mailer (Granada) 1965

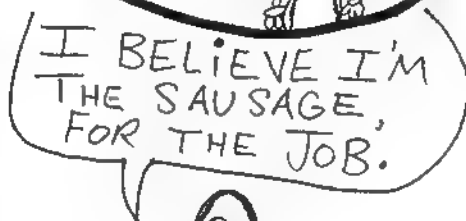
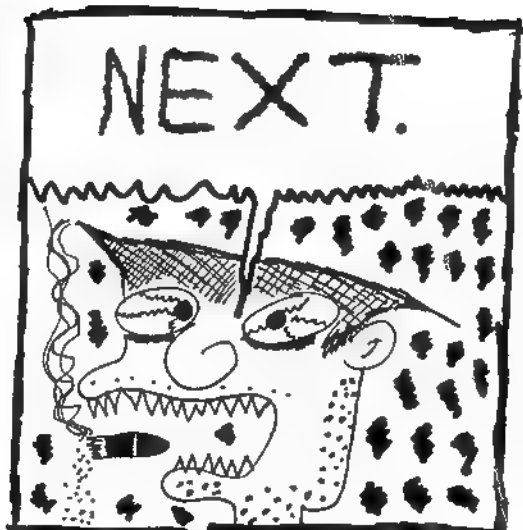
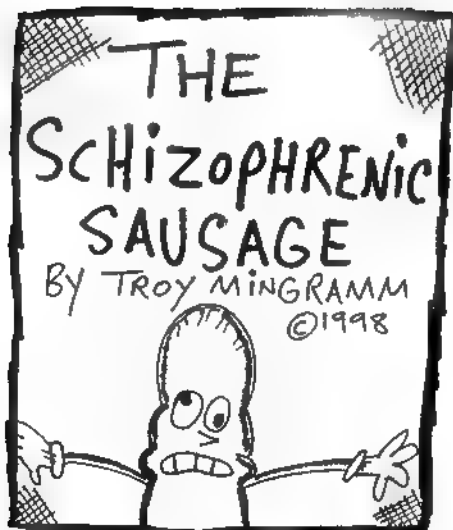
This novel will be of special interest to *Cerebus* readers as it forms part of Mailer's early study of gender relations (together with *The Armies of the Night* and *The Prisoner of Sex*) that has influenced Dave Sim's recent gynephobic comics. Although the language is dated ("I'm a prince in my territory, dig?") and the writing tame by today's standards, the basic psychological sickness of the book oozes from every page as our protagonist, insane WWII vet Stephen Rojack, murders his overbearing wife, shags the maid rotten, and goes on a drunken fistcuffs rampage. A bizarre mysticism, also echoed in Sim's comics, provides the characters with their twisted motivations. Rojack is compelled to evil by his fear of the moon, while two-dimensional cop Lt. Leznicki only halfheartedly tries to lock him away due to a 'manly' loyalty to the prevailing social pecking order. A strange, well-crafted novel that left me wanting to read more Mailer.

Sample text: "The pressure in the back of my neck let go of itself and I was a brain full of blood, the light went red, it was red."

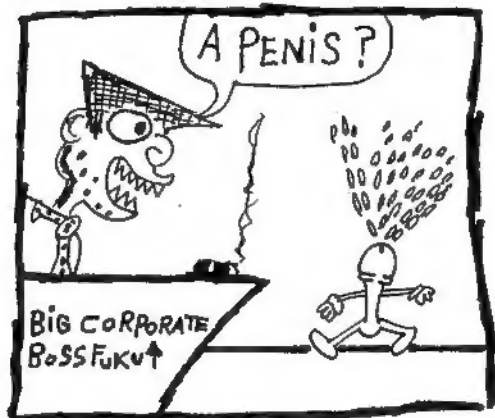


Reviews by Phil Reakes. Contact me by email at [gristina@hotmail.com](mailto:gristina@hotmail.com) or send a well concealed dollar coin to P.O. Box 558, Hurstville BC, NSW 1481 for a copy of *Shaff's Big Score* vine.









BY TROY MINGRAM 98.

# SICKBAG

the Sick puppy mailbag

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paddington nsw 2021  
sydney australia  
stratu@start.com.au



**First up, some return fire (friendly and otherwise) in response to Phil Neake's rant (SP#7 Mailbag) on the state of Sick Puppy Comix...**

"Why hasn't Gerard Ashworth written this rant already? We know he's thinking it." [SP#8 Mailbag]  
Coupla reasons... The term 'rant' is one. A rant is a hermetically sealed declaration of condemnations, and I've only done a couple admitted ones. People like to think I just do rants, which people who've paid attention to my work over the years rather than backing off as bitten know - "Just ain't so, Joel". It spares my detractors the effort of thinking. It hurts, you know. I leave myself open to debate constantly. The term 'rant' is offensively easy to use and can cover any number of critical evasions rather than evaluations.

It's like being told your work is 'interesting'. We all know that one? Fine.

Another is I ain't got the time to go into my usual semantic chicanery regarding certain 'creators'. I know my reviews are missed, but if anyone wants my opinion on someone and notalent, write and ask! 'Sides, I got 3 titles to do among other things. If I see someone praiseworthy, they'll hear from me - "Small press, Hitler", as Anton Emdin described me.

Lastly, it's up to the creator themselves to debate, discuss, get all objective and know where they fuck up. If you don't, you're slumming, next to fucking useless and a career as landfill is yours!!

As to Stratu - he da man. He can call the shots or reject if need be, he's done it to me, which is fine; there's other places that'll pick a piece up, yet a lot of cartoonists are thin skinned drebbs who ain't got the guts to evolve or go the distance, let alone have a critically reflective moment - "My God! My work is SHIT!! AIIIEEE!!"

I've no love for the sub-Viz, throw-shit-against-walls, sub-Cinema-of-Transgression, har-de-har-har stuff, nor the current generic Mambo-grunge-drug-skate-weirdout. I've had an eyefull lately, with few exceptions. YET some mighty talents start fucking around that way. Take Dan Clowes pre-Lloyd Llewellyn. Ye Gods! Somewhere along the line a few of us stop FUCKING around, get 'real', get 'mature' (but not fully grown up, no sir!!), 'hone that craft', find our directions and go for work of personal, idiosyncratic substance. Or iconoclastic. In my case.

If throw-shit-against-walls has problems, so do the 'artists'. To quote from a letter to NZ - "Finally got a chance to sit down with the small press stuff in my suitcase. I'm amazed at the whole lotta nothing going on - comics that basically come down to, on my part - "I DON'T CARE!". Even taken the varieties of styles and life experience and knowing enough to know where the 'auteur' is coming from, a lot that is impressive on first scan is, on closer examination, patently not so. Writing on their hind legs with the usual stylistics that pass for 'visual elan' types. Cityscapes and attendant emotionally constipated angst youth cliches hobnobbing in the commonality of studied melodramas or low rent lifestyles. Total cafe late experiences blurred into indistinction

against their own artytype archetypes. A lot of it is so empty that even the most dour existentialist would be crying out - "Cheque please! Get me OUT of here!!". And, Oh Lord, let's not talk about some of the 'funny' stuff. Oh ho ho, kiss 'o' death. Not only that, most of it is BORING! A cardinal sin.

You can apply all that to certain titles of choice. (Brendan Boyd, anyone??)

John Weeks told me about a certain NZ cartoonist who told him - "We've got to advance the FORM! Advance the FORM!!" Why don'tcha advance yourself and form will follow, schmuck!!

Jesus. Listening to people like that makes me yearn for the good old days of draining the blood from marmosets and torturing hamsters with plyers. But this is no place for nostalgia. Yet considering it all from the talent that's out there now amidst the mediocre from when I edited 'Nervous Breakdowns' (proud as I was of printing Clint, Tim, Neale, a couple others, not to mention Troy Benzer - The Living Corpse!!!), things ain't that bad. I know I must annoy people with my opinions and stances, but I know how these people DON'T think.

I'm like Sabrina in WSK#1 - enthusiastic, extolling the troops to charge into battle; to go forward; to CHHHHHHAAARRRRGE!! - only to look back and find them still in the trenches. Annoyed, exasperated and disappointed, she shouts at them... "COWARDS! THE LOT OF YOU!!!"

And that seems like a fine place to end. After all, who's gonna debate ol' weirdbeard seriously when they've twiggod onto part of the bleeding obvious between him and Seb? Not to mention I put up those Sailor Moon pics you sent me on the wall!! "If you think that it's pretentious / you've been taken for a ride", goes an old Peter Gabriel Genesis song, and if anyone wants to "think, dammit", and yap more on this - you know my address and you know my life is open season in my comics.

"Exterminate the brutes!"

**Gerard Ashworth  
Queenscliff NSW**



I gotta agree with Phil [SP#8 Mailbag] about some of the stuff (like Steve and Antoinette's) - it's not so much shocking. I just find it boring and sad. If you did want to piss me off, [Mannheim Jerkoff's] Porn Paradise certainly did. Supporting rape and pedophilia is up to you, if you like it. But don't justify this kind of thing by making out it's good for the evils of censorship (well this is the impression I get). I just kind of think - "Do I need this shit in my face?"

What's next? 'Joking' support for racism?

**Neale Hadden  
Huntingdale VIC**

**Stratu responds...** I think the "rape and pedophilia supporter" accusation is a little unfair, don't you? Not to

mention somewhat of an over-reaction. And I don't print Mannheim's columns because I think it's good for the evils of censorship, but because I feel that his writing suits the nature of SICK PUPPY, and the intention with SICK PUPPY has always been to include material (whether it's comix or text-based) of a more extreme nature than you would ordinarily find elsewhere. So it's not a case of supporting rape, pedophilia, violent murder, coprophilia, incest, abortion, or ANY single act that has been depicted in this comic - it's more a case of supporting art that is produced without regard for who it may offend or alienate by its extremity.

**Mannheim responds...** Pity about Blanden, he's a very capable artist, but I guess trying to make the transition from 'geeky comic hack' to 'shit serious adult' has cost him his playful spirit. It's too high a price. Neale, there's far too many sour, politically correct drones out there without assimilating the once original, creative types into their group-think.

Why do I do it? Because blasting sheepie like yourself need to be stabbed by the blood-engorged prick of hard reality. (Even if it IS offensive).

Publishing SICK PUPPY doesn't qualify Stratu as supporting rape and pedophilia any more than viewing an exhibition (or owning an art book) which includes a few of Robert Mapplethorpe's works makes one a homo.

C'mon Neale, you're better than this, pull your head out of your arse.

In response to Phil Reakes' letter of the last issue, I find it to be mostly bullshit - the kind of whinging I am getting fed up with. This guy can't take it. Look at the title, Phil - it's called SICK PUPPY. If you don't want puerility or tits 'n' dicks then read THE WATCHTOWER or BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS.

What the fuck does this guy want? These are underground comix and if they insult the intelligence of the public at large, then all I can say is mission accomplished. They deserve it!

So what if a strip doesn't go anywhere? What if not having a point is the point of the strip? It's no different than a canvas hanging in a national gallery that someone has simply shat on and is subsequently applauded for its "Irreverence".

Anyway, my point is I don't give a toss about the critics.

**David Packeridge**  
**Mt Drillit NSW**

First off, thanks for the very kind words regarding 'Churn'. I really appreciate it and I'm glad you enjoyed it. As for SICK PUPPY: I loved it! There's so much crap floating around out there in the 'zine' world (sorry if that sounds asshole-ish of me, but it's true), that it's very refreshing and inspiring to see work like the one you've published.

Some standouts in the issue you sent me [SP#3] - "Shit Pete" (my favourite - very twisted), "Spakki The Space Stron", "Mobile Rice" and the George Michael spoof. I also enjoyed Mannheim Jerkoff's porn reviews - Max Hardcore is one of my faves, even though (or perhaps because?) he's such an evil, misogynistic fuck - it's easy to see just from looking at the "starlets" in his videos that there's a serious mental health crisis that needs to be addressed in this country (the USA, that is - God bless 'er!)

**Bruce Nadalin**  
**New Jersey USA**

I remember that ages ago you had an ad in Drum Media for many weeks and I think I sent you a copy of the mag I used to do (SEPSIS). So you have now hooked up with the infamous and obscure Mannheim Jerkoff - true sick nicks

and four-eyed child molester. I think SICK PUPPY is a pretty cool mag, especially the more recent editions. I thought the first few issues were a bit bodgy but now the quality of the artwork and depravity of contents has improved heaps. As far as I know there aren't any really sick mags or zines coming out of Sydney at the moment. So of course SICK PUPPY is very pleasing to see and it has entertained me greatly with quite a few sick and cheap laughs and thrills. The more extreme the better for me.

**Sick Rick**  
**Hawtown NSW**

I wouldn't place too much importance on SP being a showcase for new Oz talent since a huge chunk of the comix-reading audience wouldn't see it because of the nature of SP. That's the Catch 22 of this situation - since it's an anthology title you need to give the contributors a broad yet definite theme like 'sick comix' to work to, otherwise it becomes yet another shitty anthology full of stuff too different to hold any readership. This theme will attract (has attracted??) a core audience of die-hard fans but this is achieved at the expense of driving a lot of people away and possibly limiting your distribution to some shops.

**Scott Follard**  
**Brunswick VIC**

Fuck, that was a cool Caninac Park cover! I thought it was totally brilliant.

And there were some awfully cool reviews and stuff happening inside, man. Hmm... the porn review was funny. The 'Shit Pete In Wonderland' was dementedly outrageous. You're really got a weird obsession, sir.

My friend Ben had a tape of these scatological dudes once - the guy crapped in this cup and someone ate it. I never did see it, though. It sounded shocking enough. I did get some weird pornos from him though (wanna trade?).

**Tung Nguyen**  
**Bentleigh VIC**

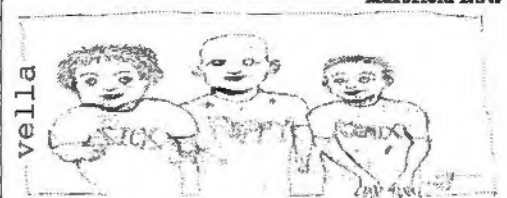
I'm glad to see you got your letters page up and running. I hope you're getting a good response. The whole big titty masturbatory element in the OZ comix scene could do with a little dialogue me thinks.

Seeing the girls out in force with the Black Light Angels, Little Dickeyes and my strip was a trip. The whole issue was a ripper in my opinion. Your letter and your strips suggested you were fairly stressed and fed up - I hope you are not thinking of throwing the towel in. SICK PUPPY is an institution.

**Miss Maria**  
**Enmore NSW**

After getting on a bus recently and spying a guy reading a Marvel comic, I asked if he read SICK PUPPY COMIX, to which he replied that it was "FUCKING DISGUSTING SHIT" and to get it out of his "FUCKING" face. (Which could only be an improvement on his normal face). I thought this was interesting coming from someone reading 'Vampire Girls From Hell'!

**Cameron Smith**  
**Marsfield NSW**





"HOME  
INVASION"

STEVE  
1998